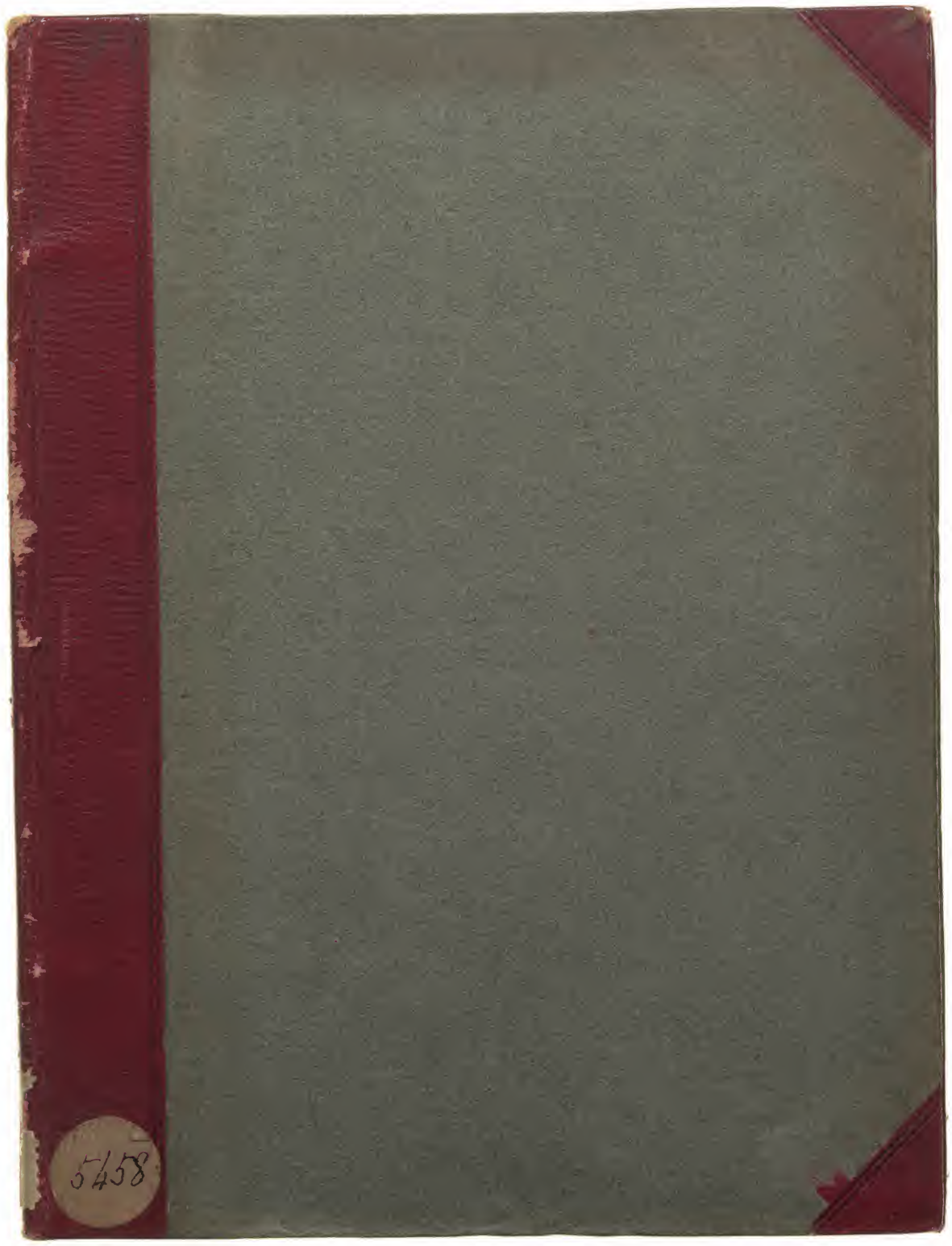
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BIBLIOTHECA
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THE

HISTORIE

OF

Henry the Fourth.

With the Battell at *Shrewſeburie*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur of the North*.

With the humorous conceits of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Newly corrected.

By *William Shake-ſpeare*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON,

¶ Printed by *T. P.* and are to be ſold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere *S. Auſtines* gate, 1622.

The Hiſtorie of
Henry the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, Earle of *Weſtmerland*, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broiles,
To be commen'ct in ſtronds a farre remote:
No mote the thirſtie entrance of this ſoile,
Shall daube her lips with her owne childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall well-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppoſ'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed Knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.
West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauie newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those Welch-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.
King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the Holy-land.
West. This matcht with other like my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percie*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillarie,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.
King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Staindewith the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their owne blood did sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosen is it not? In faith it is.
West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tong,
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd
That some night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In Cradle clothes, our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*,
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,
But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you Cosse,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath surprisde,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
West. This is his Vnckles teaching, This is *Worcester*,
Maleuolent to you in all aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your dignitie.
King. But I haue sent for him to answere this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

Coosen, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold
At *Winsor*, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill hast thou to doe with the time of the day? Vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds, and Dials the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sun himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame coulored Taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldest bee superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falst. Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight so faire: and I prethee sweete wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace; Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falst. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falst. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble and chast Mistris the Moone; vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe. Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falst. By the Lord thou sayest true lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Castle, and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falst. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to do with a Buffe Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne?

Falst. Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falst. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

Prin. Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch; and where it would not, I haue vsde my credit.

Falst. Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King? & resolution thus fubd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the Law: do not thou whē thou art a king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Falst. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

Princ. Thou iudgest false already. I meane thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Falst. Well *Hall*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Falst. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop, Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Falst. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneshire* Bagpipe.

Princ. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moore-

Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethe trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counſell rated mee the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regardes it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, If a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better than one of the wicked; I muſt giue ouer this life; and I wil giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome?

Prince. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, I le make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poynns. Now ſhall we know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to bee ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hall.* What ſayes *Mounſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbes: hee will giue the Diuell his due.

Poines.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had been damn'd for Coſening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads hill*, there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offrings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſtcheape*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes; if you wil not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou camſt not of the blood royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well, then once in my daies Ile be a madcap.

Falſ. Why, thats well ſaid.

Prince. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord jle be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may moue, & what he heares may be beleeued, that the Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theef; for the poore abuſes of the time want countenance: farewell, you ſhal find me in *Eaſtcheap.*

Pri. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewell Alhollown ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harney*, *Roſsill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhal rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prince.

Princ. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themseues, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but weele set vpon thē.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shal not see, Ile tie thē in the wood, our vizard we wil change, after we leaue them: & sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Po. Wel, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forsweare armes. The vertue of this iest wil be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of these lies the iest.

Princ. Wel, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs al things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your idlenesse
Yet heerein will I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holy daies,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a sullin ground,
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,
O sir your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a seruants brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

North. Yea my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Where as he sayes, not with such strength denide,
As he deliuered to your Maiestie.
Either enuy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Millineſ,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boze, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his Nobility,
With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among thereſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then al ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoamn,
Of Guns and Drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue been himſelfe a Souldier.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeeh you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation.
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord
What er'e *Harry Piercie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
Hath lately married? ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſterue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one pennie coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer?*
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke
When on the gentle *Seuernes* ſiedgie banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuerns* floud
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with revolt.

King. Thou doſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Heere comes your Vnckle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I wil ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all theſe veines,
And ſhed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I wil lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who ſtrooke this heat vp after I was gone?

Hot. He wil forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?

Nor. He was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd and ſhortly murdered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,
Liue ſcandaliz'd and foulie ſpoken off.

Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cooſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtile King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe daies,
Or fill vp Cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnder-went?

No,

No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloodie paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.
Wor. Peace Coſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'er walke a Current roring lowd
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimd,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rouſe a Lion, then to ſtart a Hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heauen me thinks it were an eaſie leape,
To pluckе bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corriuall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Cooſen giue me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not,

Ile keepe them by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Coſin, a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of *Ale*.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in *Gloceſterſhire*;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnckle kept,
His vnckle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenſpurgh*,
Nor, *At Barkly* Caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true,
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cooſin:

O, the Diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written bee aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymd.
Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does; weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſin, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
Nor. Farewell good brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vnckle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till Fields, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, *Charles-waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point, poore Iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* road for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.
1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is neare a King chriſten, could be better bit, thē I haue bin ſince the firſt cock.
2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and then wee leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie breedes Fleas like a Loach.
1. *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, & be hangd, come away.
2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.
1. *Car.* Gods body the Turkies in my panier are quite ſtarued: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as drinke,

drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God soft; I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to *London*.

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbor *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

Cham. At hand quoth Picke-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the *Chamber-lain*, for thou varyest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currãt that I told you yester night, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & Butter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint *Nicholas*, as truely as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir *John* hãgs with me, & thou knowes he is no starueling: tut, there are other

ther Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their credit sake, make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility & tranquility. Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speak, & speake sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner then pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What the Common-wealth their Bootes? will she hold out Water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cocke sure; wee haue the receit of Fernese ed, wee walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernese ed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a cõmon name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewel ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued *Falstaffes* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd veluet.

Prince. Stand close. *Enter Falstaffe.*

Fals. Poines, Poines, and be hangd *Poines*.

Prince. Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

Fals. What *Poines, Hal*?

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

Fals. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company, the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tyed them I know not where, if I trauel but 4. foot by the squire further a foot, I shall breake my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworn his company hourely any time this 22. year, and yet I am bewitcht

witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg: it cold not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*
Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue me my Horſe, you rogues, Giue me my Horſe, and be hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What? a coward Sir *Iohn Pawnch?*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* our Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poynes. Sirra *Iack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find him, farewell, & ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd.

Prince. *Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poines. Heere hard by ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay, euery man to his buſines.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbor, the boy ſhall lead our horſes downe the hill, weele walke a foote a while, and eaſe our legs.

Theeues. Stay. *Tra.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throats: a horeſon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were heere: on bacons, on; what ye knaues? yong men muſt liue, you are grand Iurers, are ye? weele iure ye yfaith.

Heere they rob them and bind them; Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and goe merrily to *London*, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poines. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the *Prince* & *Poines* be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity ſtirring, ther's no more valour in that *Poines*, than in a wild Ducke.

Prince.

Prin. Your money. *Poin.* Villaines. { *As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes set vpon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeues are scattered, and possest with feare so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweare to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poynes. How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safety.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* cōmends the plot, & the general course of the action, Zounds & I were now by this rascal I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vnckle, & my selfe, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke* & *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*? haue I not all their letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of thē set forward already? What a pagan rascall is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our procceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe,

selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tel the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight been
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron Warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? a roane, a crop eare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhal be my throne. Well, I wil back him ſtraight. *Eſperance,* bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

Lady. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith ile know your buſines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you ſgo

Hot. So far a foot, I ſhal be weary, loue.

La. Com, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudy noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?
Wel doe not then? for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitly. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me?
Whither I go: nor reaſon were about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doeſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*
Whither I go, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forward, to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where haſt beene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt three or foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of Drawers and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of *Curteſie*, & tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falſtaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord ſo they cal me) and when I am king of *England*, I ſhall command al the good lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; & when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language during my life. I will tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*; to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then 8. ſhillings & 6. pence, & *You are welcome*, with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon ſir, skore a pint of Baſtard in the Halfe moon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, & do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: ſtep aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir, looke down into the Pomgranet, *Ralfe.*

Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis*?

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone ſir.

Prince. How old art thou *Francis*?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, t'was but a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on thurſeday; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch a calling? looke to the Gheſtes within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore: *Poines.*

Poines. Anone, anone ſir. *Enter Poines.*

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer; come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent Twelue a cloke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prin. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſtry is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percys* mind, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee cal in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, ſaies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou beene?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry & Amen: giue me a cup of ſack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile ſow neather ſtocks, & mend them, & foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter, pittifull hearted *Titan* that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogery to befound in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now Wolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and *poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I cold run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*
A plague of all cowars still say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe sword, with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose,

my buckler cut through & through, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of al cowards, let them speake if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake sirs, how was it;

Ross. Wee foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Ross. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set vpō vs.

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iack*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murthered some of them.

Pal. Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them, Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom sutes: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I tel thee a lie, spit in my face; call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in buccorom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all a front, & mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buccorom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buccorum suites.

Fal. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falst. Doest thou heare me *Hal.*

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke.*

Falst.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell wold haue it, three miſ-begottē knaues, in *Kendall* greeen, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets thē, groſſe as a moũtain, opē palpable. Why thou clay braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

Poines. Come your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtaruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cõpariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poyn. Marke, *Iacke.*

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtalffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, and ſtill run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, & then ſay it was in fight? what tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maiſters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? VVhy, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall wee haue a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall bee, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter Hoſteſſe.*

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince!*

Prin. How now my Lady the *Hoſteſſe*, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Fal. Fayth, and ile ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeare before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct haaſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn braby* from your Father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O'*Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglaſſe*, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prinee. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſe-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew Caps more *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtincking Mackrell.

Prin. Then t'is like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee ſhall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hobnailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, Art not thou horrible afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three ſuch Enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue mee, practiſe an anſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhalbe my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept: For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambiſes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene: For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eies.

Ho. O Ieſu, hee doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanyed: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at: ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares, not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble cariage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for me, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ And heere I ſtand, iudge my maiſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, Ile tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Sweareſt thou, vngracious boy? henceforth nere look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Diuell haunts thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tunne of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcell of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtufft Cloke-bag of guttes, that roſted Manning tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taſte Sacke and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtalffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſauing your reuerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, then many an old Hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to bee fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poines*; but

for ſweet *Iacke Falſtalffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtalffe*, true *Iacke Falſtalffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtalffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtalffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtalffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sheriſe, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as an other.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maiſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreate you leaue the houſe.

Sher. I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery loſt 300. markes.

Prince. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhalbe anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prince. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prince. Lets ſee what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon	ii.s.ii.d.
Item ſawce	iiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two gallons.	v.s.viii.d.
Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.	ii.s.vi.d.
Item bread.	ob.

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke: what there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleep till day; Ile to the court in the morning. We muſt all to the warres, and thy place ſhalbe honourable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue ſcore; the money ſhall be payed backe againe with aduantage: be with mee betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And

And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and cooſin *Glendower*, wil you ſit downe?
And vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; ſit cooſin *Percy*, ſit good cooſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh hee wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as hee heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of firie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your ſelfe had neuer beene borne.

Glen. I ſay, the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hot. And I ſay, the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kinde of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Cooſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſſings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goats ranne from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were ſtrange y clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my life doe ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeaks better *Welſh*,
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace cooſen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deepe.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee cooſen, to command the Diuel.

Hot. And I can teach thee cooſen to ſhame the Diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the bankes of *Wye*,
And Sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* haue I ſent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without Bootes, and in foule weather too?
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, ſhall we diuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Arch-deacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſignde,
All Weſtward *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare cooſe, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſines that this night may execute:)
To morrow cooſen *Percy* you and I
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his helpe theſe foureteene daies;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinks my moity *North* from *Burton* heere
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deepe indent
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, & runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen.
Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altred.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen.

Glen. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeak it in *Welſh*.
Glen. I can ſpeake *Engliſh* Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the *Engliſh* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *Engliſh* ditty, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axele-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come you ſhall haue *Trent* turnd.
Hot. I doe not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any well deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall we begone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*, *Exit.*
Mor. Fie, cooſen *Percy*, how you croſſe my father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of Skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the ſeuerall diuels names.

That

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe, I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India:* ſhall I tell you, Cooſen,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſt of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernement,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed,
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,
Sheele

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. She is deſperat heere,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that pretty welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweets as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harueſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Muſitions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attent.

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.
The Musicke playes.
Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*.
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.
Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my breech howle in *Irish*.
La. Would'st haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, she sings.
Heere the Lady sings a welsh song.
Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.
La. Not mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then *Finsbury*:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a Ladie as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Cittizens.
Come, sing.
La. I will not sing.
Hot. T is the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these 2. hours, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but seale,
And then to horse immediately.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and other.
King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently haue need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of Heauen,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuisde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needs must heare
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors:
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy yonger Brother is supplide;
And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectaion of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eies of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſt of ſwetnes, whereof a little,

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinarie gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men vſe to doe to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorgde, and full.
And in that very line, *Harry* ſtandeſt thou,
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priuiledge,
with vile participation, Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it done,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Rauenſpurgh*,
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my ſcepter and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right.
He doth fill fields with Harnes in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lyons armed Iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leadſt ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruſing armes,
What neuer dying honor hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Douglas?* whoſe high deedes,
Whoſe hot incurſions and great name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall,

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bould to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and one my head,
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe,

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd I ſhall performe
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may ſalue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die an hundred thouſands deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraine truſt herein.
How now good *Blunt?* thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met,
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie:*
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a ſtate.
King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet fourth to day,
With him my ſoone Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old,
On wedneſday next *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you ſhall march
Throug *Gloceſter-ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old Laciesloſe gowne. I am withered like an olde apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that ſodainely, while I am in

ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuē to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuē ouer; and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou runſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my Pocket? *Enter hoſt.*

Hoſt. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeues in my houſe, I haue ſearcht, I haue enquired, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie Hoſteſſe, *Bardol* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a haire: and Ile beſworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money heere beſides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How; poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Noſe, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fortie marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a Iacke, a ſneak-cup: Zbloud and hee were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him Playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore faith, Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. what didſt thou looſe, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it? I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knight-hood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayſt true *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sarra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand poud *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee called you *Iacke*, and ſaid hee would cudggell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I ſay tis Copper: darſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſarra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all filde vp with Guttes, and Midriffe: Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandoms* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *Hal*? thou knoweſt in the ſtate of innocencie, *Adam* fell: & what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtalffe* do in the daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, & therefore more frailty you confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfaſt, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cheriſh thy Gheſtes, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.*
Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue Procured thee *Iack* a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God bee thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayſe them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerlands*.
Go, *Peto*, to horſe for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world, *Hoſtes*, my breakefaſt come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is well: what letters haue you there, I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous ſicke.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernement come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phiſition.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this ſickneſſe doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterpriſe,
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read

The very bottome and the ſoule of Hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dowg. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweete reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in,
A comfort of rstirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſen *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Weſtmerland*, ſeauen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *Iohn*.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed mad cap, *Prince of Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumpe like Eſtriges, that with the winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittring in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the moneth of May,
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſomer;
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wild as young Buls:
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turn and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the Sunne in March.
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmokie warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich repizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-boult,
Againſt the boſome of the *Prince of Wales*,

Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarse:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along.
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirtie thousand.
Hot. Fortie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may serue so great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fal. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le answere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a sowst Gurnet; I haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me none but good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had ben askt twice on the Banes; such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I prest me none but such Tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: and now, my whole

whole charge consistes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and such as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an old fac'd Ancient: and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met mee on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all the gibbetts, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such Skar-crowes. Ile not march through *Couentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison; there's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe shirt is twoo Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Hearalds coate without sleeues; and the Shirt to say the truth, stolne from mine Host of *S. Albones*, or the red-nose Inkeeper of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now madd wag, what a diuell dost thou in *Warwick shire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbury*.

West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, 'tis more then time, that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can tell you, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toste, food for powder, food

for powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that, And for their barenes, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſt, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night,

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is dubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well:
Then ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the Horſes of the Enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Cooſen, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruinges and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You ſtand againſt annoynted Maieſty:
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Haue any way your good deſertes forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt,
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My Father, my Vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royalty he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,

A

A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd;
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtoode in lanes,
Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at *Rauenſpurgh*
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffred his kinſman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſde my Father from the Court,
Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the King?
Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my Vncle
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo fare well.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.
Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſt to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my cooſen *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whome they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haſt.
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir* at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quick rayſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare *Sir Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,

And

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhalbe well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie;
And t'is but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, ſir Walter Blunt, and Falſtalffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter?* t'is not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old vneaſie lims in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, Chewet peace.
Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I;
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that Oath at *Dancaſter*,
That you did nothing of purpoſe gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *Lancaſter*,
To this, we ſweare our ayde: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you.

What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that helde the King
So long in the vnluckie *Iriſh* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from his ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird,
Vſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neare your ſight
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were inforſt for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Swore to vs in your younger enterpriſe.

King. Theſe things indeede, you haue articulate,
Proclaymed at Market croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouocation:
And neuer yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor muddy Beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pel-mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your Armes, there is many a ſoule
Sall pay full dearely for this encounter.
If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world

In praiſe of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes
This preſent enterpriſe ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bould, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a trewant been to Chiualrie,
And ſo I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maieſtie,
I am content that he ſhall take the ods
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will to ſaue the bloud on either ſied,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

King. And, *Prince of Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Doe make againſt it: No good *Worceſter*, no,
Wee loue our people well; euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your Cooſens Part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both hee, and they, and you yea euery man,
Shall bee my griend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cooſen, and bring me word,
What he will doe. But if he will not yeelds
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gone,
We will not now bee troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit Worceſter,*

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both together,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt. manent*
Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the Battle *Prin. Fal.*
And beſtride me ſo, tis a point of friendſhip,

Prin. Nothing but a *Coloſſus* can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, t'is no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. T'were beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To poniſh this offence in others faults;
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs.

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Cooſen, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpur.*

Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile ſay tis ſo. Here comes your Coo-
Hot. My vncle is returnd, (ſen.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland:
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you Battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you and tell him ſo. *Exit Dowg.*

Dow. Mary and ſhall, and very willingly.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dow.*

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince of Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to nay,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing prayſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,

He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a doule ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo Wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellowes Souldiersf, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can liſt your bloud vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now,
O, Gentlemen the time of life is ſhort,
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,
Now for our Conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt, *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and heare draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that h I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a curteſie.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Dowglas, and ſir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name that in Battel thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King *Harry*
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scot,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight, Dowglas kils Blunt, then enters Hotſpur.
Hot. O *Dowglas*, had it thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Dow. As done, as won, heere breathleſſe lies the King.
Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.
Hot. This *Dowglas?* No, I know this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furniſht like the King himſelfe.
Dow. Ah foole, go with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare,
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrope piece by piece,
Vntill I meet the King. *Hot.* Vp and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day,
Alarme, enter Falſtalffe ſolus.
Falſ. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I feare the ſhot heere, heere's no ſcoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanitie,

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Falſ. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtainde Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn We breathe too long, come cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'd me *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before I lou'd thee as a brother *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.

Exit.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all.

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

Ki. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes,
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Dowg. I feare thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtrait.

King. Stay, and breathe a while,

Thou haſt redeemd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to S. *Nicholas Gawſey.* *Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*
Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*
Hot. Now ſhall it *Harry?* for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Falſ. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtalffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:

But

But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life time's foole,
And Time that takes ſuruey of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tonge: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for

Prince. For Worms, braue *Percy.* Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt earth,
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe,
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtalffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke* farewell:
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man:
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

Falſtalffe riſeth vp.

Falſ. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eate mee too to morrow. Zloud, t'was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had payd mee ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man

 thereby

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if hee ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why *Percy*, I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.

A retreat is ſounded.

Prince The Trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, lets to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Falſ. Ile follow, as they ſay, for reward; He that rewardes me,
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow leſſe: for Ile purge,
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould doe.

Exit.

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

King Thus euer did Rebellion finde rebuke,
Ill ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafetie vrg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

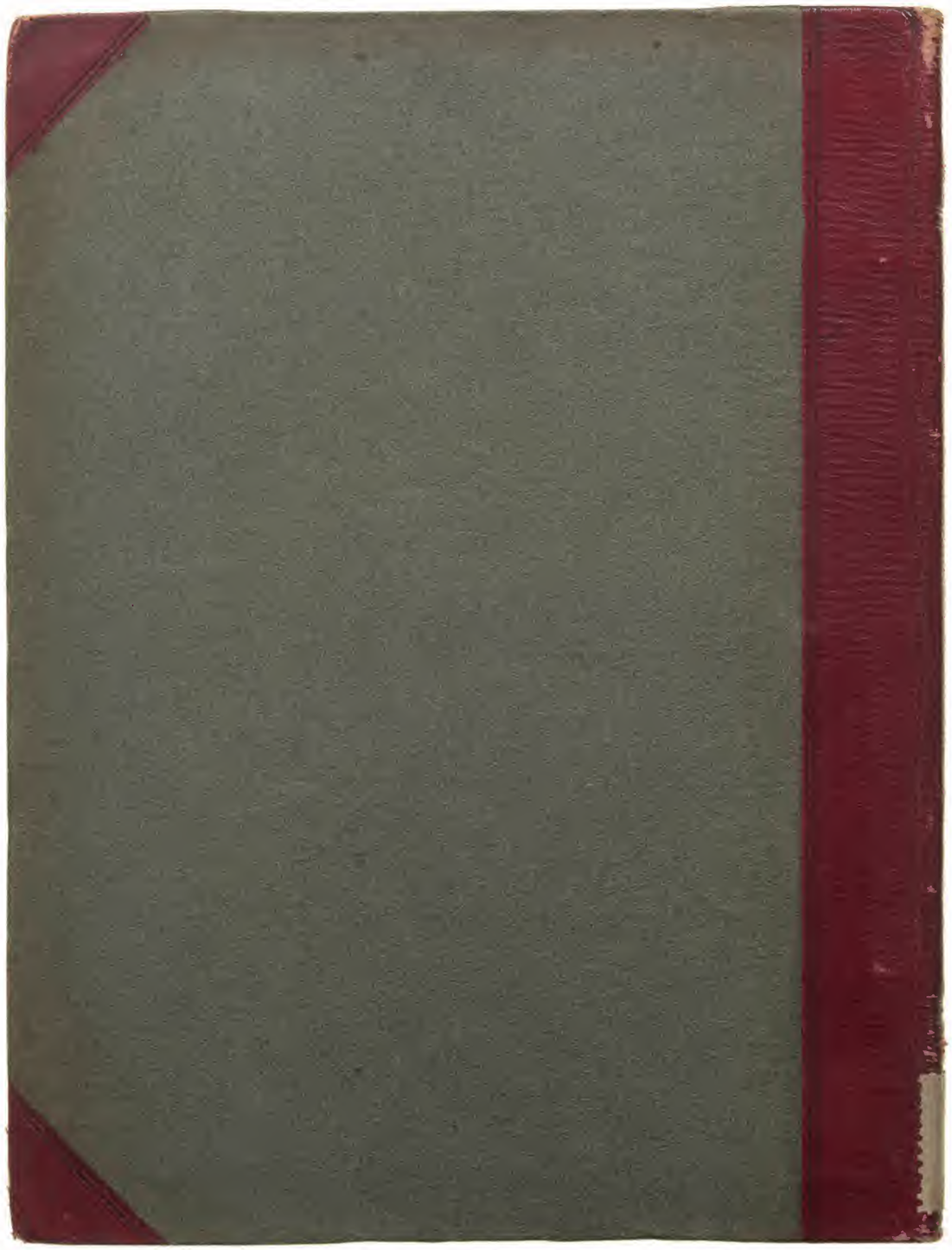
King Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prince The noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent,
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King

King. With all my heart.
Prince. Then brother *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bountie ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Douglas* and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure ranſomleſſe and free.
His valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deedes,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.
King. Then this remaines, that we diuide our Power,
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my coſen *Weſtmerland*,
Towards *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deereſt ſpeed,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall looſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

FINIS.



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